LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1823.

MISS F. H. KELLY.

ISS F. H. Kelly was born in South-Audley-street, on the 30th of June, 1800; and from her childhood determined on the profession she has chosen. She first appeared at Cheltenham in June, 1819, where she performed for a few nights; she successively played Amanthis, in The Child of Nature, Belvidera, Amelia Wildenheim, in Lovers' Vows, She then seceded from the stage for some time. in order to complete her education at Paris; and at her return, performed at Cheltenham for one month; from whence she went to Brighton, where she made her first appearance in June, 1820, in the character of Juliet. This was succeeded by Belvidera, Cordelia, &c. &c. At this theatre, Mr. Shiel. (author of the Apostate, Evadne, &c. &c.) first saw her, and immediately suggested to Mr. Harris, of Covent-garden, the policy of securing her talents for the new theatre in Dublin. which he was then erecting.

Miss F. H. Kelly, made her first appearance in the metropolis of the sister kingdom on the 18th of January, 1821, and remained there for the season: during which, she performed Belvidera, Jane Shore, Mrs. Haller, and all the other principal tragic characters. Though offered a very good engagement to remain during the King's visit to that city, she was obliged to return to England to complete an engagement she had previously formed with the manager of the Birmingham and other theatres on the same circuit. On her return to London, she received a second proposal from Mr. Harris for Dublin, which she accepted; being aware that she was still too inexperienced to accept an engagement at Covent-garden, at that time offered her by the same

gentleman.

She accordingly returned to Dublin, having the best salary then given in that theatre, where she supported the same line of characters she had previously been accustomed to, with some additions—as Isidora, Monimia, and Amy Robsart, in the play of Kenilworth, which was performed there fourteen nights to crowded houses; a thing long unprecedented in the annals of Dublin theatricals. Miss Kelly next entered into an engagement with the manager of the Cork, Limerick, Galway, and Ennis theatres; and at Cork made her last appearance previous to her engagement at Covent-garden.

On the 12th of November, 1822, Miss F. H. Kelly made her first appearance in the character of Juliet.—On this occasion, her agitation and modest demeanor heightened the universal feeling; and her first sentences, though delivered in a tremulous, but distinct voice, bespoke the general favor

which cultivated genius can alone command.

Her reception from every part of the house was without parellel, the garden scene was a chef-d'œuvre, and, taken as a whole, her delineation of the character was inimitable.—Her person is of the middle stature; her features pleasing and commanding; her voice distinct; and her action easy and graceful.

We are happy to understand that the merits of this young lady have already been duly appreciated by the manager of Covent-garden theatre; and we have no doubt, that when age and experience have matured her talents, she will become one of the brightest ornaments of the British stage.

To see that the first on the state what had

ANECDOTE OF ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

A young engraver, just entering into life, and who afterwards rose to great eminence in his profession, applied to Alderman Boydell for employment. Having never executed any considerable work, he had only some trifling specimens of his ability to show. The Alderman, however, was assured from them that the young artist possessed abilities worthy of encouragement, and offered him a picture, if he thought himself equal to it. The young man undertook it, and agreed on twenty-five guineas as the remuneration. When the plate was quite finished, he waited on the Alderman, finally to deliver it, with a proof. Mr. Boydell examined it so long, and as it seemed, so minutely, that the artist was apprehensive that he was not quite satisfied with it, and resolved to ask him, adding, that he should be happy to make any improvement or correction that Mr. B. might suggest.

"Oh no!" replied the worthy Alderman, "I am extremely well pleased, and desire no alteration. It is charming, and instead of twenty-five guineas, I shall give you thirty-five: very charming indeed; the more I look at it, the more I like it: I shall give you fifty." He went to his desk, and wrote a check on his banker, which he gave to the artist, telling him to call on him in a few days, as he had further employment for him; the young man endeavored to express his gratitude for this unexpected and munificent liberality of his new patron; but his speech nearly failed him, when, casting his eyes on the check which he held in his hand, he found it to be for one hundred guineas. This happy event was the foundation both of his fortune and his fame.

When Lord Erskine made his debût at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

CROYLAND ABBEY:

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF " MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 70.)

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall, And laid its honors in the dust.

THE stay of the royal party was now drawing to its close.— On the evening previous to their departure, Guthlac, with Pega and Elfrida, was as usual in his mother's apartment. The cheerfulness that had distinguished their former meetings had now disappeared; a melancholy shade hung on the countenance of all, and infused itself into their conversation. Little indeed was said respecting the approaching separation, but the involuntary sigh that followed every allusion to it, testified the general feeling of regret. Guthlac had arisen with a view of observing the splendor of the moon, which had then nearly reached its full. Having stood a few moments in silence, he called to Pega to join him. She obeyed; when, having made some slight observation, and seeing his mother and Elfrida engaged in discourse, he lowered his voice, and taking her hand within his, he said, "You must forgive me, Pega, if you think I presume; but I wish particularly to speak freely to you." At this unexpected address, Pega became so excessively agitated, that for an instant, she was scarcely sensible of what was passing. Guthlac perceived her emotion, and with one of those smiles, the beauty of which none who had witnessed it could be insensible, he continued, "Be not alarmed, my sweet cousin, at what I am going to say; I can have nothing to communicate to you which you need be afraid to hear; the subject, however, to which I allude too nearly concerns your happiness to suffer me to pass it over in silence, particularly as we are so soon to be parted." The emotions of Pega increased, and the utmost convulsive throbbing of her heart might have been apparent to even a casual beholder,

"Wolfan," continued Guthlac, "loves you." "I am sorry for it," interrupted Pega hastily, "for I can never return

his affection." "I am delighted to hear you say so," returned Guthlac, in a tone which denoted the sincerity of his words; "he is not worthy of such a treasure; but though my admonition is now in part unnecessary, I will not lose the opportunity of offering you what might be to others. who required it more than yourself, a most unacceptable offering-my advice. Hitherto you have lived in perfect seclusion, hid from every eye, as lone and as lovely as the heathbell on you waste; but you will now emerge, and for ever, from obscurity, and that which Wolfan feels, numbers will soon experience. You will be seen but to be admired, and affection will be proffered you on all sides; but beware, my sweet cousin, how you suffer yourself to be deceived; let not the eye or the ear decide where the heart and the judgment alone should sit as umpires. The sweetest smile may conceal the worst designs, and the most flowery tongue the most cruel deceit: trust not to protestations; for true love, though it swells the breast, falters on the lip, and is often more expressive in its silence than in its warmest vows. Be ever cautious then, and remember that though a base nature is not incapable of experiencing it, in a noble nature alone it can truly take root." "Ah! what must it be in thine!" thought Pega, as she raised for a moment her downcast eyes to the countenance of Guthlac, irradiated as it then was with every quality that could adorn the human character. "What means that look?" said Gathlac with returning gaiety, "do you dissent in opinion from me?" "Oh, no," replied Pega, blushing, "I can form no opinion whatever on the subject; it is one on which I have never reflected." She stopped, confused, and the more so, as she felt that Guthlac was regarding her with a look, in which pleasure and approbation were expressed. "I will not say, preserve that charm of innocence," continued Guthlac, "for it is inherent in your nature; but, like every flower of delicate hue, it is susceptible of the slightest injury; the breath of the libertine may blight, the frivolity of the coxcomb may sully it; shun them both, my dear Pega, and remember that a female will never cease to command respect from others while she is entitled to her own; nor need she wish to claim a higher dignity from the world than that which a pure mind itself confers upon her."

"Guthlac," cried Tetha, "do you mean to engross your cousin's society entirely, or may we hope for her return?" Pega instantly withdrew the hand which Guthlac had again taken. "Are you angry with me?" said he, "or may I hope, that when absent from me, you will forget my presumption, though you may remember my anxiety." Pega turned to him; the tear trembled in her eye at the thought of the approaching separation to which his words referred, but checking it, she said with equal sweetness and firmness, "When the anxiety of a friend offends, may I cease to possess it." "That will never be," returned Guthlac warmly, " for virtue and true loveliness are both enlisted in the cause; but come, let us now join my mother, she will feel this parting, but soon may we meet again-soon may these happy hours return!" Pega re-echoed the wish in her heart, though she dared not trust the expression of it to her lips. She seated herself in silence, while Tetha, fixing a penetrating look upon Guthlac, said, "If I may judge of your conversation by its length, it has been an interesting one." "I know not whether I am authorized in confirming your supposition," replied he, "for though it has been so to me, I cannot answer for my cousin, towards whom, I have had the temerity to assume the character of a father, if not that of a confessor." "You are a young preacher," said Tetha, fondly regarding him, and smiling as she spoke, when awakened to a painful recollection of former disappointment by the words she had used, she sighed deeply.-" Your ghostly admonitions have not offended, I think," exclaimed Elfrida, as she bent her beautiful face towards Pega. "And ought they? cried Guthlac, fixing his dark eye on her with admiration, "can advice be seasoned only by the lips of age? or must it fall harshly on the ear because the path that reason ventures to suggest has been unexplored by the steps of experience?" "Oh, surely not," replied Elfrida, "it is the manner, not the person, that can render advice unpalatable; the former indeed can render even correction sweet." As she said this she looked at Tetha. "Say not correction, my love," replied the latter, "I but cautioned you against yielding to too favorable impressions of those you are slightly acquainted with; a caution, which was suggested only by your ardent expressions of admiration, which I feel I do not merit." "If such be your offence," said Guthlac enthusiastically, "I will be your champion, and who shall dare to oppose me!" "Not I," interrupted Pega; "I avow myself your supporter, and glory in the cause." "Dear, dear children," said Tetha, much moved by their earnestness, and pressing the two girls to her bosom, "think not that I am indifferent to your artless affection; it is a sense of my own inadequacy to reach the standard of perfection which you have reared in your mind, that oppresses me, joined to the remembrance of the few days which have afforded you a possibility of forming a judgment of my character."

"But is affection to be measured by days or esteemed by hours?" cried Guthlac; "is the testimony of years to pass for nothing, and is excellence to be valued only as it has been personally known to us?—No, my dear mother, surely on the past we are justified in drawing drafts for the future, and of placing our full confidence in the present: it is one of the privileges of acknowledged worth to be trusted; and he who would inculcate a different doctrine, would only sacrifice the interests of virtue at the cold shrine of prudence, to the prejudice of both.—Besides, is it not the opinion of our good Abbot himself, that the germs of the deepest affections lie dormant in the heart, waiting only the moment of recognition to spring into full warmth and vigor, I contend not for the realities of attachments at first sight; but I am thoroughly convinced that there are sympathies in virtuous breasts which are immediately, though probably insensibly, interchanged in the first moments of acquaintance; and though perfect love must be the fruit of a cultivated and thorough knowledge, its foundations have been laid long before we were conscious of their existence." "I believe, I must own myself a convert to your opinion," said Tetha; "but to tell the truth, this is a subject on which I did not expect to find you conversant." Guthlac colored. "Ah, dearest lady," said Elfrida archly, "do not give him much credit for his reflections on this important topic, for they are not his own; he first quotes the good Abbot's opinion as an authority for the prelude to his observations, and then most unblushingly assumes as his own, an idea which he cannot but acknowledge is another's;" and, with a voice of inimitible sweetness, she sung, in imitation of the gleeman-" In the secret mystic tie" Guthlac regarded her with mute admiration, and appeared to listen to her as if she had entranced his senses. Perceiving this, she immediately ceased; and while a blush which overspread her countenance heightened the beauty of her complexion almost to a dazzling brightness, she appealed to Tetha, if she had not convicted him of plagiarism, and demanded to know what punishment he deserved. "Not the loss of your good opinion," interrupted Guthlac, "even if I had been guilty of the charge you have laid against me, but which charge I deny. Poetry is the language of the heart in a tangible form; and thus, when we employ a sentiment we have heard, conceiving it to be our own, we confer the highest compliment we can upon the poet, by proving that it had existence in nature."

The hour, however, had now arrived in which it was necessary for them to withdraw. Elfrida arose in silence, and turning to Tetha, she was preparing to utter her thanks for the indulgence granted her in sharing her society, when, overcome by her emotion, she forgot the distance she had ever preserved, and throwing herself into her arms, she wept with the freedom of a grief which had not fixed its barb in the heart, and which, for the moment, finds luxury in indulgence. Tetha returned her embrace with tenderness, and while tears struggled in her own eyes, she endeavored to cheer her by hopes of a reunion. "Alas!" sighed Elfrida, "there is but little probability of that; your seclusion and our mutual distance seems an inseparable obstacle to such a happiness."-" Oh, say not so," eagerly interrupted Guthlac, "at least, let us encourage hope; the separation of friends must at all times be painful, but without her aid it would be insupportable." "But hope," sighed Tetha, "is often fallacious." "True, my dear mother," replied Guthlac, "but though she promise falsely, it is wise to listen to her suggestions; the tear that she kisses away from the cheek of sorrow would soon sink into the heart. and rankle there without alleviation." So saying, he approached Elfrida, and gently drawing her arm within his, he led her from the apartment; Pega was about to follow, when the peculiar expression of her countenance caught the attention of Tetha; the color had entirely deserted her cheek, and her lip quivered with evident, though repressed emotion.

"Stay, my love," cried Tetha; "what has thus affected you? we at least shall meet again to-morrow, nor will our separation, I trust, be of long duration." As she said this, she folded her to her bosom. Overcome by the tenderness of her manner, tears now bedewed the cheek of Pega.-"Nay, my sweet girl," said Tetha, renewing her caresses, "I must not find weakness where I was prepared to discover nothing but fortitude." "Nor shall you be disappointed." returned Pega, struggling with her emotion. She now raised her head from the shoulder of her aunt, who again read in her intelligent countenance, the return of that dignified expression which usually distinguished it. "I am truly ashamed," continued she in a voice which yet marked recent agitation, "of the weakness I have betrayed; but I believe that I was not quite well; a sudden faintness came over me, for which I can scarcely account. "Can you not, indeed?" returned Tetha, regarding her stedfastly: "it is seldom that the heart is unfaithful to its trust without our being in some degree conscious of the cause of its defection." A vivid blush covered the neck and face of Pega, and unable to bear the scrutinizing glance of her aunt, she turned her head aside.—" Be not afraid, my sweet girl," said Tetha softly, "but if any thing oppresses you, impart to me its nature, if in so doing you can find any relief." Pega hesitated a moment; then turning, raised her eyes to Tetha, with a look, in which respect, tenderness, and latent feeling shone conspicuous, she said, "I thank you most sincerely, for your kindness; but I have nothing to communicate, and if I had, is there not a breast in which I ought to seek confidence in preference to any other? Is a child authorized in imparting to any friend, how kind soever that friend may be, a secret which she withholds from her mother?-Ah! dearest lady, forgive me, but if I had a sorrow, my mother's bosom alone must be its receptacle." "Forgive me," said Tetha, with manifest approbation, "I ought rather to request your pardon; but preserve this sentiment, and you will never harbour a thought which virtue cannot approve, nor religion sanction." At this moment, Guthlac returned, and Pega soon after left the apartment for the evening.

(To be continued.)

THE SPOILT CHILD.

" MAMMA!" exclaimed a little girl of seven years old, as she pulled her mother's gown to arrest her attention-" mamma! will you give me a little wine?"-" Wine? my sweet Sophy," returned her mother, "you know Dr. Hartley particularly requested I would not give you any."-" Never mind him, mamma; you know I am poorly, and must have what I like."-" Well, well, an orange will quench your thirst as well, and wine will make you more feverish, my love."-" Me won't have nasty oranges, and me will have wine," repeated the child in a quick pettish tone. "Little girls should not always have what they want!" I exclaimed, while, disgusted with her pettishness, I continued, "good children should take what is given them, and never ask for any thing else; particularly for what they know is improper." Sophia turned hastily round, and for a moment rested her quick eye upon me with silent surprise, as if to inquire by what authority I disputed her wishes; but when she found I was not inclined to feel intimidated by her glances, but was rather endeavoring to arrest the attention of her indulgent parent, she immediately interrupted the conversation by violently shaking her mother's knee as she passionately exclaimed, "mamma, mamma! me will have wine."-" My dearest Sophy, you will make yourself ill by exertions so unequal to your strength; I am quite ashamed of you to-day;" and as she said so she poured out a glass of Madeira; then conscious of her folly, she turned to me, and, in an apologizing tone, continued, "Sophia is so very nervous now she is ill, that I think the wine will be of less danger than the probability there is of throwing her into convulsions, or of harassing her spirits by refusing her requests; poor child! it is cruel to contradict her now."-" But, my dear madam," I ventured to say, "have you considered the consequences arising from such blind indulgence? it is not the effect of the wine, which may prove most dangerous, it is your ready acquiescence to her improper requests which will render her temper more uncontrollable, by the expectation of ever securing the same indulgence by pursuing such censurable means of obtaining it."-"Oh, no! she is not always so naughty; and she should be indulged a little now she is poorly," said the fond mother in a confused tone; but in a more pettish accent, she continued. "I do not know why Susan should let the child come to the dessert; she might have guessed the consequences, knowing how she likes wine."-" Susan's cross, mamma, and she won't let me do as I like: I hate her, and I won't speak to her again."-" Oh, fie! Sophia, she is a good, obliging girl, and was very kind to you when you were so ill."-" But I'm sure she was not; she made me take nasty physic, and she would have kept me in the nursery to-day, if I had not cried and screamed until you sent for me."-" Nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed the weak mother, ashamed at the evidence of her child, and appearing confused by the manifest proofs of her false affection. I had witnessed sufficient to be completely disgusted; for I am one of those sober beings who would have every child act as one without falling into the pettishness of a wayward baby, who cries and knows no better; and whilst each is rewarded for its infantile virtues, I should still expect and wish to see it evincing the modest retiring graces of youth. The conduct of Sophia and her mother were so very uncongenial to my taste, that I took the first opportunity of retiring to my apartment. When in solitude, I reflected upon what I had witnessed; the anger I had previously allowed myself to feel against the little girl, was exchanged into pity for her and a species of contempt towards her mother; for it was indeed evident that the latter, in having abused a valuable blessing, was far the most culpable. Sophia is one of those children that possess strong talents, quick feelings, and fine abilities; qualities, which, with proper attention, might have been so improved as to have rendered her a valuable and useful member of society; but now, with a mind uncultivated, these exquisité endowments have sunk into a mere nothing: her feelings, uncorrected, have risen into a violent and untamed temper, and her superior abilities are completely buried in pride and vanity. How much is laid to the unnatural mother's account! unnatural in her very indulgent fondness; for whilst she is busied in satisfying the temporal wants of her child,

its eternal interests are overlooked. I would that, from this slight and imperfect sketch, the parent who chances to glance an eye over its contents would be brought not only to confess the irreparable injury a child receives by false indulgence, but to act up to its avowal; for sense, prudence, religion, all declaim against such fondnes.-Can the child when she arrives at maturity, when she finds herself hurried forward by the vehemence of her passions from one wrong step to another,-can she respect the mother who took no pains to irradicate the evil? will she not rather blame the misjudging weakness which made no exertion to render her amiable? and will she not likewise in every trial. return for her deluded mother's caresses bitter taunts and reproaches? Oh! ye miserably disappointed parents, weep not, curse not the unpropitious stars; remember that having sown no seed you are not licensed to look forward to any harvest: the ensuing hours of sorrow are the just retribution of a false indulgence; and years of misery must be the sad, yet expected, return of your blind infatuation. God, in his infinite mercy, has placed us here to prepare ourselves for a better world; he gives us hopes of eternal happiness; and to render our abode on earth more palatable, he calls forth our tenderest sympathy and affection by blessing us with the sweetest ties of nature in parents, children, and partners for life. Shall we then ungratefully convert the blessing into a curse, and instead of rearing our offspring in the paths of goodness and piety, indulge their wayward humors, and allow their evil passions to take the lead? It is not the temporal consequences alone which are to be feared, for on the last awful day of judgment, when each shall be sum. moned to render up his long account, what shall the deluded parent say in extenuation of his guilt, when God shall ask of him the talents committed to his care? Will false sensibility, or a child's tears and entreaties, be accepted as a sufficient palliation for the eternal ruin of a soul? Let those who feel themselves hurried forward by this dangerous species of affection, reflect, ere they nurse the germ of passion into maturity, that the consequences may be fatal both to their charge and themselves here and hereafter; for surely a parent is not displaying affection when he thus risks the eternal welfare of his child.—Let the words of Solomon then be impressed in the memory of every guardian of youth, "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes."—And again, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

JUAN RUFFO assigns three causes why the past should seem the best: the first is, what has been is regretted. since it is no more: the second is, that the past is the best known to us of the three periods, the present, past, and future: the present being fleeting and doubtful, and the future totally unknown: the third cause is, that although we may have our fortunes improved, and may be richer than we were ten or twenty years before, yet we are far from being satisfied, inasmuch as we may discover that we are much nearer our latter end. It is an infallible truth, that neither riches nor employment of the most exalted kind, would willingly be bartered for one little month's longer life, by the individual possessing either the one or the other, if he were at the point of death. The same writer, in answer to a friend, who had congratulated him upon his appearing much better than he had been the preceding year, replied, "That he was really worse, ill as he had been, since he was nearer death by one year."

MARRIAGE PRESENTS.

In the Swedish province of Dalecalia, it is customary for young females, on their wedding-day, to present each of the guests with a pair of stockings or gloves of their own knitting. This custom is held so sacred that weddings are frequently deferred because the requisite quantity of stockings and gloves is not finished.

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. XI.

MR. LEIGH HUNT.

We should not have thought it necessary to enumerate this worthy among the poets of the present day, but should have placed him among a budget, which we yet intend making, of modern versifyers, had he not been puffed and hustled into some sort of notoriety. He has been borne up on the stream of popularity by the friendship of talented individuals. (We could make a very good and classic simile here, but bienséance forbids). There is an old maxim, which says, "Tell me your companions, and I will tell you what you are." Mr. Hunt defies such interrogators: he is in the best company, if great talents can constitute it; his friendship with Lord Byron and Moore, he has taken care shall be known to the world at large.—As the friend then of the two greatest poets of the day, we criticise him.

His first essay in public was in the shape of a small octavo, called "Juvenilia," ushered into the world by full six hundred subscribers of all sects and parties.—The greatest entertainment to be derived from this volume is the perusal of this list, where Sir F. Burdett, Sir W. Curtis, and many others.

" Are jumbled antithetically cheek by jowl."

As these poems were written at the age of sixteen, we shall pass no criticism on them: they were praiseworthy efforts, and gave some indications of talent, if not of genius.

Mr. Hunt soon afterwards, we believe, plunged into politics, and his next attack upon the muses was, "The Feast of the Bards," a very tolerable thing, as poetry then stood, and one which, if it could not boast much good poetry, shewed some good sense. Since that period, Mr. H.'s style has undergone a strange revolution, and of this style we principally wish to speak.

"Rimini," is the poem on which our author builds his greatest claim to consideration as a poet; it is written in what the author himself thinks "a proper English versification," and he is far from insensible of Lord Byron's approbation of it (the poem),—very well.—The story, from a passage in Dante, is thus rendered by Mr. Hunt:—

Francesca who has

" Some stout notions on the marrying score,

and is moreover the daughter of Duke Guido, is getting a husband; and this said husband, Prince Giovanni, (the same name indeed as the Spanish Libertine—

• • but there
Ends all resemblance between the pair.)

sends Prince Paulo, his younger brother, to court her as his proxy. Francesca falls in love with the younger, though married to the elder brother; which, "somehow or the other" ends thus: Francesca, who is remarkably fond of laying in the open air in the rain (page 71) is in her bower, we presume in the fulness of this exquisite enjoyment, when Paulo asks if he may come in, and she replies, "Yes, certainly." (This Paulo, by the bye, is a very clever fellow, for when he is on horseback, "he looks where he likes," and moreover he can play at chess and guess riddles). She is perusing Lancelot of the Lake—they sit down and read together—and at last Prince Paulo,

scarce knowing what he did,

actually

"Kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble—after which, says Leigh slyly,

" * That day they read no more"

Unfortunately for Francesca, she is "so loose of soul, that in her sleep she mutters all her affairs," which Prince Giovanni overhearing, his suspicions are aroused. His brother, whilst battling with him, rushes on his sword. Francesca dies; and poor Duke Guido, when he saw the funeral of this matchless pair,

"Clasped his hands, and looking round the room, Lost his old wits for ever. He should have looked round the room after, and not before, his loss, and ten to one but he would have found them again.

In the course of this poem, the reader is introduced to a great number of new acquaintances; for instance,

" A glad stream," that " dane'd from shade to shade;"

Horses that

" Lend their streaming tails to the fond air;"

A youth who

"Smiles up, but with a lowly grace;"

A multitude who

Get together "in clumps," with their voices "clapping against the sky,"

" An old religious tree," cattle " looking up aslant," &c. &c.

These are the ground-works of Mr. H.'s "proper English versification;" indeed, so fond is he of the method of version mentioned in the last quotation, that we believe every one of the dramatis personæ of this poem, at one part or another, "look up aslant."

We confess there are many pretty ideas in this volume: some that may claim a higher title; but it is impossible to point out twelve lines together that are not disfigured by such nonsensical ideas as those already quoted; for this reason it is difficult to find a passage either for praise or censure. The bad have some good, and the good much bad. The description of Paulo's state of mind after vitally injuring his brother, is thus given:—he

would pierce the shade
Of some unwooded field or closer glade,
And there dismounting, idly sit, and sigh,
Or pluck the grass beside him with vague eye,
And almost envy the poor beast, that went
Cropping it here and there, with dumb content."

Mr. Hunt having thus written six lines of poetry to please his readers, thinks it right to write four more of nonsense to please himself, viz.

"And thus at least he exercised his blood, And kept it livelier than inaction could, And thus, he earn'd for his thought-working head, The power of sleeping, when he went to bed." In Giovanni's oration over the dead body of his brother, we are tempted to think Mr. Hunt was attempting to parodise Butler; take this distich for example—

"And thou wert the most meek and cordial That ever among ladies eat in hall."

Indeed the ryhmes of this little production are the worst we ever met with. We remember hearing of a scholar, who, when requested to jingle rhyme, after mature deliberation produced the following—

> "The trap Caught the rat."

but Mr. Hunt, 'a child of larger growth,' is scarcely behind him

*" harsh it be, * " halls, *" prepared, * " chagrin, * " here, deliciously." * intervals." * barred." * unforeseen," * juniper."

with many other equally correct, are all to be found in a short poem of only one hundred and nine pages: really this is very odd versification.—If Mr. H. had good sense enough to rewrite this poem as his friend Shelly did one of his effusions, he might render it a pleasing little volume. A word as to the dedication: did his 'dear Byron' really approve of all this nonsense? or was he laughing in his sleeve at poor Leigh, when he pretended to admire him? To do credit to his lordship's judgment, we must think the latter, though we confess it is passing a bad compliment on his lordship's feeling or sincerity.

Those who have never seen this gentlemen's "Foliage," (a proportion of ten thousand to one of the reading public,) will scarcely believe that Leigh Hunt, editor of the Examiner, &c. &c. could have written the following lines—

Little ranting Johnny,
Ever blithe and bonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye,
And singing nonny, nonny,"
&c. &c.

These interesting verses are addressed to his son (aged four) who doubtless duly appreciated them. Poor Lee was designated the mad poet: surely after this no one will dispute Hunt's claim to the title of the ideot versifier. His

"Foliage" here and there presents a few good lines, but on the whole it is an untuneful mass of absurdities, and contains more of the very quality he so much decries, "the affectation of non-affectation," than any work we ever read.

This writer has endeavored to form a new style; he knew novelty was in itself a recommendation, but he forgot that it should be accompanied with something like common sense. His poetry is all the produce of his head, and not of his heart; and what an unproductive soil that head is, our readers may by this time judge. He delights in the mere trickery of words; instead of seeking new ideas, he redresses old ones, and truly, as Sir Fretful says, "does as the gypsies do with children, steals and disfigures them;" and yet this style, that has nothing to recommend it, is stolen,-aye, stolen, and from Wordsworth, whose writings are a kind of tour in search of simplicity; and the difference that appears between these two writers arises from their different temperament, for they are both 'sailing on the same tack.' Wordsworth walks through the fields with his heart overflowing with the milk of human-kindness to all the world; and every jack-ass, dun-cow, and plough-boy he sees, he sympathises with: Leigh Hunt traverses the meadows, 'looking up aslant smilingly, with a bright-eyed face,' and as he goes 'lightsomely on,' his heart is overflowing with love for himself. He is a mental Narcissus. Would be could be turned into a flower, or any thing but a poet! We do not mean to degrade Mr. W. to the level of this gentleman, by any means; we only wish to express our belief, that Mr. Hunt is an imitator of Mr. Wordsworth's worst peculiarities; but he has added to them so many original absurdities, that few recognise the parent stock. Hunt's "Feast of the Bards," gave us some hopes of him; and had he not adopted his present style, he might have been considered a very respectable man, and a very good sort of mediocic poetaster; but this gentleman is one of those creatures who would rather be the shafts of ridicule, and have the notoriety of being fools, than not be spoken of at all: he doubtless thinks with Gloster-

That fame as well survives from good as evil deeds.

He now appears before us in a new character, as author of a moiety of "The Liberal,' as partner with Lord Byron

in a periodical publication; -what an alliance of talent! We presume his lordship takes him, as the shark does his director. for useful purposes, and will not devour the insignificant creature, because it has some capability of answering his ends. Lord Byron is capable of this; he thus vends those occasional productions, which are written when the spirit of composition is not awakened, and he vends them securely: if they are bad, they will be attributed to his puerile partner; if they are good, no one will suspect them to be Mr. Hunt's. His lordship feathers his nest without injuring his fame: vents his malice in bad couplets, without being considered accountable for verses not especially under his signet. But what is our author doing all this while? why he is ensuring himself emolument for the present, and some sort of remembrance for the future?-he will be to Byron what Boswell was to Johnson; but in his (Mr H.'s) own estimation, he and his 'dear Byron,' will sail down to posterity as the poetical and miscellaneous Beaumont and Fletcher of their day.

We are inclined to say something civil to Mr. Hunt before we part, if he will give us an opportunity, but we fear it must not be on the subject of poetry. We have read some of his papers of the Examiner with some portion of pleasure; nay, to speak openly, we have seen a page of his poetry, that we have perused with interest-here we must stop, the second page uniformly dashed down the vision of We place Mr. Hunt in a comparison he by no means deserves, or ever will deserve, when we say, in the language of the critic to poor Feramorz, "that if he will but alter his style of thinking and writing altogether, we shall no doubt like him extremely well." He has two great bars to his ever succeeding in any thing, egotism, and affectation; when he has conquered these, we shall be glad to hear of him; he is at present below any poet of the present day, because he does not rise to the standard of common sense. Nonsense, whether in ryhme or prose, can no more please or instruct, than the speeches of an ideot can edify. We bid the subject of this paper farewell, with few pleasing recollections of his past exertions, and quite hopeless as to his future ones.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

No. VI.

"[ORPHEUS.]" Mutis animalibus imperavit, vagosque greges contemptis pascuis ad audiendi epulas invitavit."

Cassiodori, lib. 2. Variar. Epist.

THE marvellous effects which some ancient writers attribute to the musical skill of Orpheus, might almost be parallelled by the extraordinary relations of authors in modern times; at least so far as concerns his supposed influence over the brute creation. Whatever may be thought of the proficiency of the musical dog of Father Pardies, it is certain that several species of brutes have been known to display symptoms of a taste for melody, as hearers, though not as performers.

The following story, related by M. Guet, from his own knowledge, might be supported by several similar anecdotes, with some of which many of our readers may be acquainted.

"Three friends," says our author, "all literary men, were one day walking together in a meadow. After a short time had been passed in agreeable conversation, one of the party, seating himself on the side of a bank, drew from his pocket a German-flute, and began to play on it, while his companions continued their promenade. At two openings in the hedge of the meadow, not far from the spot where the flute-player was seated, passed along two droves of asses. Scarcely had these creatures heard the harmonious sounds of the instrument, when they appeared to be struck with a pleasing surprise. A moment after, two of the asses, as if in concert, separating each from the troop to which it belonged, advanced with a slow and equal step towards this new Orpheus, and at last approached near enough to rest their heads upon his hat. Notwithstanding this incumbrance, curiosity induced the musician to continue his performance, while his two friends, at a short distance, amused themselves with observing this singular occurrence. As soon as the music ceased the assinine auditors retired*."

The most remarkable circumstance in this narrative is the instinctive sagacity displayed by the brutes, in placing their jaws on the head of the performer. Acoustic experiments teach us that sounds are conveyed much more readily and distinctly through solid bodies, than, in the usual manner, through the atmosphere. The phenomenon of the Invisible Girl, (not long since exhibited in Leicester-square,) depended on the application of this principle. Whether they had learned the fact from nature or experience, the long-eared musical amateurs seem to have known that they should hear the tune to most advantage when their own heads were placed in contact with that of the performer.

An early traveller in Egypt gives an account of the revels of Cairo, among which he describes some extraordinary feats performed by an ass, from which it appears that asses, camels, and dogs, in the East, during the fifteenth century, were made to dance and exhibit tricks similar to those often seen performed at wakes and fairs in this country.

The ass has had the misfortune to be esteemed a beast remarkable for his insensibility and stupidity: but there can be no doubt that the degraded character of this useful animal has originated from the ill-usuge bestowed on him by unfeeling and inhuman masters. In Spain and the Levant, where asses are commonly employed for riding, the size, general appearance and disposition, of this quadruped give dim a decided superiority over those of the same species in our own country. The sacred writings of the Jews contain many passages in which the strength and swiftness of the wild ass are referred to in such a manner as to shew that the breed has been vastly deteriorated by domestication, at least in this country.

One of the latest European travellers in Persia, Sir Robert Kerr Porter, had an opportunity of observing this ani-

[•] Hist. Crit. de l'Ame des Betes. T. ii. p. 76-7.

t Vid. Leon. African. Descript. Africa, lib. viii.

mal; and his account of the wild-ass clearly evinces its extraordinary qualities, and affords an admirable illustration of the allusions to it which the Hebrew Scriptures contain.

The information which Sir R. Porter gives relative to this creature is on other accounts so interesting, that we shall transcribe it for the gratification of our readers.

It was during a journey through the province of Farsistan, in passing a wild, open tract of country, that our traveller

met with the following adventure:-

"The sun was just rising over the summit of the Eastern mountains, when my dog Cooley suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal which my Persian attendants said, from the glimpse they had of it, was an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and, followed by Sedak Beg and the Mehmander, followed the chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise and vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals as an object of the chace. I determined to approach as near it as the very swift Arab on which I was would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that, notwithstanding all our speed, we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal in its turn made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol-shot of him; he then darted off again with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chace were his pastime.

"He appeared to me to be about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth, like a deer's, and of a reddish color; the belly and the hind parts partaking of a silvery grey. His neck was finer than that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender: the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of those forms; and by them I first recognised the species of the object of my chase. The

mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back, or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the tame species with us.*"

Sir R. Porter was informed by the Persians who were with him, that the flesh of this animal is esteemed an extraordinary delicacy. He remarks that the swiftness of this creature, and the peculiar manner in which he fled across the plain, reminded him of the description which Xenophon gives of the wild-ass of Arabia, and still more of the striking portrait drawn of him in the Book of Job.

In India it is called Goorkhur, and by the Persians Gour. It is a favorite object of the chase, and seems to have been so in earlier ages. Bahram Gwr, or Gour, one of the last Kings of Persia, before the Mahometan Conquest, was so much attached to this sport, that he derived from it his distinguishing appellation; and, according to some accounts. lost his life in hunting a wild-ass. The scene of this fatal chase was a fine open valley near Shiraz, which had the inconvenience of being intersected by several springs forming ponds, or lakes, so deep that they were supposed to be fathomless. In the heat of pursuit, Bahram, suddenly reaching the brink of one of these lakes, was unable to check his steed which plunged with him into the caverned abyss, and neither horse nor rider were seen afterwards. The pond indeed was immediately explored, but the body of the king had probably been absorbed by the eddying stream and drawn into some winding channel, whence it could not be Though this event occurred twelve centuries extricated. back, it still forms a popular tale for the passing traveller.

The fate of Bahram, however, is involved in some obscurity; and there are historians who tell us, that, having lost his native realm, he retired to India; and there founded a dynasty of monarchs, which long reigned over a part of that country.

^{*} Porter's Travels in Persia, 4to. p. 610.

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE,

A TALE.

By the Author of "Marian Melfort," "Confessions of a Benedict," &c.

(Continued from page 94.)

CHAP, IV.

To account for the facility with which Lord Fitzauban had suffered Jessica to obtain such complete ascendancy over him, it may be necessary to relate a circumstancce which occurred a short time previous to the death of the As Adela was one evening with her cousin, Lord Montauban being at the time absent on a shooting excursion, a note was delivered to Lady Montauban, the contents of which appeared to occasion her much agita tion: Jessica, who was ever on the watch to discover any weakness in the Countess favorable to her own views, had caught a glimpse of the seal sufficient to give her a clue to the writer, but, with affected ignorance, she exclaimed, "Bless me! Lady Montauban, what is the matter? no ill news of the Earl, I hope?"-" None," replied, the Countess, coloring, and refolding the note. She would have remained silent had not Jessica with teazing importunity pressed her further by saying-"You surprise me; why, what else can possibly cause all this trepidation? you must take particular interest in your correspondent by your appearance at this moment?"-" Perhaps, I do," replied Lady Montauban cooly. "You are extremely laconic in your replies," observed Jessica. "but if it is not a very great secret, I should like to know the name of your mysterious correspondent; I really feel my curiosity powerfully excited?"-"You must excuse me," returned Lady Montauban gravely, "I am not at liberty to give up the name of the writer; and if I were, I do not know that I am in any way accountable to you for my conduct or feelings upon this or any other occasion." "Oh! certainly not, my dear;" returned Jessica with a satirical smile, "and I really quite admire your spirit, it is so different from your usual tameness of character; it has all the charm of novelty; Lord Moutauban would be quite charmed!" "I doubt whether I have any power to charm Lord Montauban now," sighed Adela; "and let me assure you, Jessica, that I am not to be worked upon by sneers or insinuations to betray the trust reposed in me." Jessica bowed her head haughtily, and said no more. Lady Montauban appeared anxious and uneasy during the rest of the evening, and at an earlier hour than usual retired. Her apartment being on the same floor with that of Jessica, the suspicions of the latter were powerfully excited by finding that she remained a considerable time in her room without dismissing her attendant, with whom she carried on a sort of whispering conference; at length, just as the clock had struck twelve, (by which time all the other servants were gone to their respective chambers,) Morton, her ladyship's maid, slowly descended the stairs, and proceeded to the street-door, which she cautious ly opened, and returned with noiseless footsteps. Jessica now fully convinced that there was a secret of importance to discover, instantly extinguished her light, and opening her door just sufficient to distinguish what was passing. perceived a man close at the heels of Morton enter Lady Montauban's apartment. Jessica was now overpowered with astonishment, for notwithstanding her insinuations to the prejudice of Lady Montauban, not a single word, look, or action, had ever given her real cause to doubt the correctness of her conduct, or the purity of her mind; but here was now ocular demonstration of a secret assignation, at an hour, and in a place, which evinced the height of imprudence, if not of actual guilt; and she remained for some time irresolute, whether she should raise the family and expose the delinquents to immediate disgrace, or not; a slight sensation of personal risque, however, made her relinquish the idea, and she resolved to defer her vengeance for a safer! opportunity. In about half an hour's time, the mysterious visitor descended, accompanied by Morton, who saw him safely out.-Jessica had now heard and seen sufficient to justify her aspersions of her cousin, and it was her intention, as soon as Lord Montauban returned, to make him acquainted with all that had passed; when she had no

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doubt of his compelling Morton to make a full disclosure; but in this expectation she was disappointed, for on the following day she learnt, to her inexpressible surprise and discomfiture, that Morton was gone under the pretence of a hasty summons to a sister who was dying; she therefore found herself under the necessity of remaining silent until her return, as her bare assertion in such a case would have but little weight; and Lord Montauban might feel a suspicion of her motive for bringing forward a charge which she could not substantiate.

Still week after week passed away, and Morton did not return; and whenever questioned on the subject, Lady Montauban gave evasive answers, and at length was brought to acknowledge that she did not expect her again to resume her situation. Jessica found that she was baffled, and was thoroughly convinced of Morton's having been sent purposely out of the way; she felt confident that, by carefully concealing her knowledge of what had passed, Lady Montauban would, at some future period, throw herself more completely in her power, and with this view, she gave Lord Montauban to understand, that she entertained no doubt of his lady's misconduct, and so wrought on his imbecile mind by tears and importunity, as to draw from him a solemn promise that he would suppress his indignation, and take no steps in the affair, until she could by the vigilance of her observation obtain for him such proofs of his dishonor as would give him better grounds for proceeding. This restraint, though irksome to his feelings. Lord Montauban weakly submitted to; yet his indifference towards his lady, amounting at times to evident disgust, was too manifest not to be felt by her. It is true, this conduct was attributed to a different cause, but it can scarcely be questioned that the anguish of her mind accelerated her fate, an event indeed little regretted by Montauban, as he was thereby saved the shame of declaring to the world his own disgrace; nor did he feel for the helpless infant the tender emotions of a parent, but with a sort of shuddering doubt, he desired that it might be removed from his sight until it should have attained the age when it would require his more immediate attention, for the purpose of receiving such

an education as would be necessary for his future heir. But this trouble was likewise spared him; and thus, unexpectedly released from every tie, Lord Montauban was left at liberty to follow the bent of his inclinations, which Jessica well knew how to profit by, and the letter which announced the death of the late countess was speedily followed by one, which declared to her "dear uncle," that the title was to be revived in the person of his "affectionate niece." "Well!" exclaimed aunt Margaret, when she read this letter, "I am convinced now, I was in the right; there have been some underhand-doings in this business, I'll be sworn. Poor Adela was never happy, I am positive; whenever she wrote, her style was that of a person laboring under some secret uneasiness; dear girl! she would never say a word to make you uncomfortable; but I guessed how it would be, when that artful young minx coaxed her to go with her." "Why, you do not imagine she was jealous of Jessica, do you?" Sir Archibald enquired eagerly. "I have no doubt but she had cause," replied Mrs. Margaret-" Montauban always wavered between the two, and, as far as I could see, preferred your neice."

"I cannot believe it. I cannot believe it!" hastily eiaculated Sir Archibald: "if I had the most remote idea of his having used my poor dear girl ill, I would never countenance him more; but it is all your fancy, Margaret: I wish my grandchild had lived, however," added the old gentleman with a tear of regret, "I should have had something left to remind me of my lost darling. I shall never love the children of Jessica half so well, I am sure, though I really do not think so badly of her as you do; and if she did like the young fellow at first, she could not help it; there was no great harm in that surely."-" But after he was married to Adela, Sir Archibald!" "Oh, certainly, that ought to have made a vast difference; but she never could be so bad as that. Oh, no, I never will believe she could be so wicked," and with this conclusion, Sir Archibald always remained perfectly satisfied.

In the course of a few months, Lord Montauban brought his new Countess into the north; and during their visit at the castle, Jessica was so conciliating and respectful to aunt Margaret, so affectionately attentive to Sir Archibald, and so condescendingly kind to the domestics, that she insensibly won upon their regard, and succeeded effectually in removing all the prejudices hitherto entertained to her disadvantage.

(To be continued.)

CARABOSSE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a prince and princess, (for it is thus that my nurse began all the tales with which she lulled me.) The prince was brave and generous, the princess beautiful and wise; their virtues, and their reciprocal and constant attachment, were at once the glory and the shame of the age. But as no happiness is perfect, they were without children; the temples of all the gods were loaded with their offerings, and the good fairies of the neighborhood with their presents, to obtain the only thing which they had to wish. It is true, they could never persuade the princess to seek the bad, and it was in vain that the prince represented to her, that the wicked could hurt with as much ease as the good could serve; she always said, that to make court to the vicious, was a species of worship rendered to vice, and she could never bring herself to do it. It is even affirmed. that she sometimes indulged herself in blaming their conduct with a freedom bordering upon rashness.

At length her wish was accomplished—she became pregnant, and she fergot not to invite to her delivery all the fairies that were her friends, and she prepared for them presents worthy their acceptance. To give gems or gold to the mistresses of mines, would have been to affront them; she knew that they set so little value on them, that they often bestowed them on the most unworthy mortals, the better to shew their contempt of them. She had collected, with infinite pains, some impassioned verses composed by sincere lovers; the portrait of a beautiful nun, who had never indulged a thought of profane love; a phial, (very small, it is true,) of tears, shed by a young and rich widow alone in her closet, and some books of divinity that had never wearied any one.

The fairies were all astonished where she could have found so many uncommon and precious things; they were anxious to testify their gratitude, by rendering the infant the most accomplished and happy being in the world.

She was delivered of a little princess: scarce had she seen the light, when the fairy Bellinda exclaimed, "I endow her with a beauty the most commanding and the most fascinating." She had not ceased speaking, when they heard a noise equal to the discharge at once of a hundred pieces of artillery, a hissing, as of a thousand serpents, and they saw descend by the chimney the fairy Carabosse, mounted astride upon an enormous toad. I will not soil my paper by a description of her person, which was formed only to excite disgust and horror. "I will," cried she in a hoarse voice. "that this darling child shall lose this exquisite beauty by the small-pox, at an age when she begins to be sensible of its advantages." The fairy Spiritual, flattering herself that she could soften this evil, said, "I endow her with the happiest memory, the justest taste, a surprising vivacity, tempered by a judgment which shall regulate all her words; she shall excel in all species of writing; she shall be learned without vanity, and lively without giddiness."-" This fine genius," replied Carabosse, with a smile of disdain, "shall only serve to make her enemies; she shall be always the prey of fools, teazed by their assiduities, and torn to pieces by their malice."-" I will," said the brilliant Argentine, advancing, "that her father be the richest nobleman of his rank, and her husband shall have millions of treasure."-"Yes," interrupted Carabosse, " she shall live in the midst of riches without having them at her disposal." "I give her," said Hygua, "a perfect health, which neither grief nor fatigue shall have power to diminish."-" This health," replied Carabosse, shall lead her to attempt rash enterprises, and to risk dangers with which she shall be always surrounded." "She shall have," said the amiable Harmony, "a just ear, and an exquisite taste for music,"-" I take from her the power of singing, that she may feel all the rage of desire and of impotence."

The good fairies, confounded at finding their blessings thus counteracted, whispered together, and consulted in what manner they might overcome this infernal malice. Spiritual

thought she had found an infallible expedient: "We must take from her," said she, "all vice, and she will then be freed from the evils that are its consequences."—"I take from her," added she in a loud and firm tone, "all the seeds of envy and of avarice, which are the source of human misery; she shall have a temper soft and equal."—"And a great excess of tenderness," and Carabosse with a fit of laughing that made the palace tremble. The good fairies instantly vanished, despairing to find a remedy for so many evils. The princess died of grief, her child improved every day, but * * * * * * * *

Here the manuscript is defective.

JESUIT'S BARK.

A CASUAL circumstance discovered that excellent febrifuge. the Jesuit's bark. An Indian in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a river, as incurable, to quench his burning thirst, he naturally drank copious draughts of the water, which having long imbibed the virtues of the bark, which abundantly floated on the stream, it quickly dispersed the fever of the Indian. He returned to his friends, and having explained the nature of his remedy, the indisposed crowded about the margin of the holy stream, as they imagined it to be, till they perfectly exhausted all its virtues. The sages of the tribe, however, found at length in what the efficacy of the stream consisted. The Americans discovered it in the year 1640, to the lady of the Viceroy of Peru, who recovered by its use from a dangerous fever. In 1643, this remedy was spread about Italy and Rome, by the Cardinal de Lugo, and other Jesuits. It was called Cardinal de Lugo's bark, on account of his distributing it very freely, though it was then extremely dear.

A French merchant, M. Delpech, residing at Guayra in the Carraccas, had stored up a large quantity of fresh cinchona, in apartments which were afterwards required for the reception of some travellers as guests. These apartments contained each eight or ten thousand pounds of bark, and

in consequence of its fermentation, the heat was much greater than in the other parts of the house, rendering the place somewhat disagreeable. One of the beds placed in these rooms was occupied by a traveller ill of a malignant fever. After the first day he found himself much better, though he had taken no medicine; in a few days he felt himself quite recovered, without any medical treatment whatever. This unexpected success induced M. Delpech to make some other trials; several persons ill of a fever were placed in his magazine of chinchona, and they were all speedily cured, simply by the effluvia of the bark. A bale of coffee, and a quantity of brandy, which were in the same room, were found to taste similar to an infusion of the bark.

DESCARTES' WOODEN DAUGHTER.

WHEN Descartes resided in Holland, he with great labor and industry made a female automaton, which occasioned some wicked wits to report that he had an illegitimate daughter named Franchine. The object of Descartes was to prove demonstratively, that beasts have no souls, and that they are but machines nicely composed, and move whenever another body strikes them, and communicates to them a portion of its motions. Having put this singular machine on board a vessel, the Dutch captain, who sometimes heard it move, had the curiosity to open the box. Astonished to see a little human form uncommonly animated. yet when touched, appearing to be nothing but wood, and being little versed in science, and withall very superstitious, he took the lingenious labor of the philosopher for a little devil, and terminated the experiment of Descartes by throwing his wooden daughter into the sea.

MADAM DENYS.

A PERSON complimented Madam Denys, the niece of Voltaire, on the manner in which she performed Zaire, at her uncle's theatre.—"That part," said she, "required a young and pretty actres. "Ah! madam," replied the flatterer promptly, "you are a proof to the contrary.

SIR W. HERSCHELL.

HERSCHELL was a German by birth, and son of a musician: in which profession Sir William was originally educated, and excelled on several instruments. He was master of the band of a regiment, which was quartered at Halifax, in the year 1770. It was here proposed by some of the principal inhabitants to erect an organ in the church, and subscriptions were entered into for that purpose. Sir William was elected organist, principally through the recommendation of the late J. Bates, esq. who was the son of the then parish-clerk of Halifax, and whose acknowledged judgment in the science of music ensured success to the candidate whose cause he espoused. The following anecdote details the manner in which Herschell succeeded: The organ was opened with an oratorio. Mr. Herschell and six other persons became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed, on which each was to perform in rotation, when Mr. Wainwright of Manchester played, his finger was so rapid, that old Snetzler, the organ-builder, ran about the church exclaiming, "He run over de keys like one cat; he will not give my pipes time to speak." During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschell, inquired of him what chance he had of following him? "I don't know," said Herschell, "but I am sure that fingers will not do." When it came to his turn, Herschell ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay!" cries old Snetzler, "tish is very good, very good inteet; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak." Herschell being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do;" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "One of these I laid upon the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above, and thus by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two." This superiority of skill obtained Herschell the situation.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

THE HERMIT OF DUMPTON CAVE; or, Devotedness to God and Usefulness to Man, exemplified in the old Age of Joseph Croome Petit, of Dumpton, near Ramsgate. Rivington, Hatchard and Son. 1823.

This is a brief, but accurate narrative of the declining years of a most singular character. The fair author, for we think we perceive in it the unerring marks of female delicacy, has made the most of scanty materials; she has given this interesting volume to us in a form, and connected with reflections, that cannot fail to render it subservient to the best purposes of moral instruction. She evidently possesses "the pen of a ready writer," and her work may at once be looked upon as an elegant piece of biography, and a delightful manual of devotion. Dumpton-cave, the residence of the Hermit Joseph Croome Petit, is situated, we are told, about a mile and a quarter from the town of Ramsgate, where the open fields begin to contract into narrow inclosures, with lofty hedge-rows around the little hamlet of Dumpton; "Here the good man, secluded from the vanities, though not shutting himself out from the sober duties, of life, is preparing at the age of eighty-one, for that dissolution, which, in the course of human events, must soon probably arrive. Although every day has with him its humble useful occupations, yet his chief concern is with God and his own soul; "prayer all his business; all his pleasure, praise." His wants are few, and few of course his expences. In this respect his temperance assimilates with his piety; both are as unobtrusive as they are remarkable. He lives from day to day upon the simplest food, and only seems to protract existence that he may protract "Glory to God, and good will towards man," with it.

This venerable character reminds us of times gone by, and states of life now only known by report. We have for the days in which we live a different scale of both opinion and action. No man now voluntarily renounces the

goods of fortune. No man will consent to live on a little when more than a little is to be had. The Hermit of Dumpton is, and, we suspect will continue to be, an isolated being. Few will fall in love with his retirement, and fewer still with his poverty of spirit. He may, and indeed must, insure esteem, but he will neither raise envy, nor produce imitation; neither draw to him the vain, nor conciliate the unthinking. He will be suffered to enjoy his beloved solitude without much interruption from those for whom it has no charms. Yet that solitude, let it be recollected, he has sanctified by a life full of innocence and virtue; and though it is connected with little of the magnificence of this world, it will be found to constitute much of the riches in the next.

We venture, in conclusion, to recommend this little work (appropriately dedicated to the Bishop of Durham,) to the perusal of our fair readers. They will there contemplate the life of a good man, delivered in language as chaste and beautiful as that life has been correct and amiable. An etching of the hermit, by Mr. Strutt, of Percy-street, Bedford-square, well known by his admirable Studies from Nature, exhibited in his Silva Britannica, and other works, is prefixed to the volume. A benevolent clergyman of Castle-Rising, in Norfolk, has, we understand, been mainly contributive to directing the public attention to this silent retreat of worth and virtue.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. By the Author of "Waverley," "Kenilworth," &c. 4 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh. 1822.

The writings of the author of "Waverley," if he should live many years longer, promise fair to become as voluminous as the works of some of the Dutch Commentators and German Critics of the seventeenth century. The productions of our contemporary are, to be sure, rather lighter reading; but we cannot help thinking that they are occasionally somewhat dull, and that they would, like the books offered by the Sybil to Tarquin, become improved in value if they were lessened in quantity.—The volumes before us, though not equal to Waverley, or the Heart of Mid-Lothian, contain several interesting scenes and some highly-finished portions of descriptive narrative. The chief fault of this

work is, that it is very unequal; some parts of it displaying great carelessness of composition. This might be excused in a poor author, whose existence depended on his scribbling eurrente calamo, that is, ladies, 'post haste;' but from the novelist, whose name, or rather title, is so popular, that he gets his thousands a year by his pen, a little more care and accuracy might reasonably be expected.

The story of Peveril is not without a plot, for it relates to the famous or rather infamous Popish Plot, which occurred in the reign of Charles the Second. In the dramatic sense of the term, these volumes can hardly be said to have any plot. The tale introduces to the reader a pair of lovers, Julian Peveril, the son of a Derbyshire baronet, who had fought for the king in the civil war, and Alice Bridgenorth, the daughter of a presbyterian gentleman, who had been an officer in the Parliamentary army. The opposite politics of Sir Geoffrey Peveril and Major Bridgenorth occasion quarrels between them which raise obstacles to the union of the lovers. That union notwithstanding takes place at the end of the story, for no apparent reason whatsoever, but because the author thought proper that the novel should end happily. His productions in general are indeed singularly deficient in dramatic interest. His heroes and heroines are most insipid personages: and the reader very seldom cares a farthing whether they are married, hanged, or shut up in separate convents. It is in detached scenes and characteristic sketches that the author of Waverley shines; and though such are not so thickly interspersed in these volumes as in some of his former writings, yet they are not destitute of them, as will appear from the specimens which we shall produce.

The singular scene in which Julian Peveril is introduced to his sovereign, Charles the Second, is drawn by the hand of a master:—

"It was still early in the morning, and the Mall was untenanted, save by a few walkers, who frequented these shades for the wholesome purposes of air and exercise. Splendor, gaiety, and display, did not come forth at that period until noon was approaching. All readers have heard that the whole space where the Horse Guards are now built, made, in the time of Charles II., a part of St. James's-

park; and that the old building now called the Treasury, was part of the ancient palace of Whitehall, which was thus immediately connected with the Park. The canal had been constructed by the celebrated Le Notre, for the purpose of draining the Park; and it communicated with the Thames by a decoy, stocked with a quantity of the rarer water-fowl. It was towards this decoy that Fenella bent her way with unabated speed; and they were approaching a group of two or three gentlemen who sauntered by its banks, when, on looking closely at him who appeared to be the chief of the party, Julian felt his heart beat uncommonly thick, as if conscious of approaching some one of the highest consequence.

The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed perriwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond star however on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good humor: he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them from time to time with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce-restrained laughter by which some of his sallies were received by hi attendants. They also wore only morning dresses; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes regulated, and sometimes encouraged. In addition to this pastime, a lacquey or groom was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took from time to time a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the water-fowl.

"This, the King's favorite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance, and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julian Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indecorously, near the person of Charles Stuart, the second of that unhappy name.

"While he hesitated to follow his dumb guide any nearer, and felt the embarrassment of being unable to communicate to her his repugnance to further intrusion, a person in the royal retinue touched a light and lively air on the flageolet, at a signal from the King, who desired to have some tune repeated which had struck him in the theatre on the preceding evening. While the good-natured Monarch marked time with his foot and with the motion of his hand, Fenella continued to approach him, and threw into her manner the appearance of one who was attracted, as it were in spite of herself, by the sounds of the instrument.

"Anxious to know how this was to end, and astonished to see the dumb girl imitate so accurately the manner of one who actually heard the musical notes, Peveril also drew near, though at somewhat greater distance.

"The King looked good-humoredly at both, as if he admitted their musical enthusiasm as an excuse for their intrusion; but his eyes became rivetted on Fenella, whose face and appearance, although rather singular than beautiful, had something in them wild, fantastic, and, as being so, even captivating to an eye which had been gratified perhaps to satiety with the ordinary forms of female beauty. She did not appear to notice how closely she was observed; but as if acting under an irresistible impulse, derived from the sounds to which she seemed to listen, she undid the bodkin round which her long tresses were winded, and flinging them suddenly over her slender person, as if using them as a natural veil, she began to dance with infinite grace and agility, to the tune which the flageolet played.

"Peveril lost almost his sense of the King's presence, when he observed with what wonderful grace and agility Fenella kept time to notes, which could only be known to her by the motions of the musician's fingers. He had heard indeed, among other prodigies, of a person in Fenella's unhappy situation, acquiring by some unaccountable and mysterious tact, the power of acting as an instrumental mu-

sician, nay, becoming so accurate a performer as to be capable of leading a musical band; and he had also heard of deaf and dumb persons dancing with sufficient accuracy, by observing the motions of their partner; but Fenella's performance seemed more wonderful than either, since the musician was guided by his written notes, and the dancer by the motions of the others; whereas Fenella had no intimation, save what she seemed to gather with infinite accuracy, by observing the motion of the artist's fingers on the small instrument.

"As for the King, who was ignorant of the particular circumstances which rendered Fenella's performance almost marvellous, he was contented at her first commencement to anthorize what seemed to him the frolic of this singular-looking damsel by a good-humored smile, but when he perceived the exquisite truth and justice, as well as the wonderful combination of grace and agility, with which she executed to his favorite air a dance which was perfectly new to him, Charles turned his mere acquiescence into something like enthusiastic applause. He bore time to her motions with the movement of his foot—applauded with head and with hand—and seemed, like herself, carried away by the enthusiasm of the gestic art,

"After a rapid yet graceful succession of entrechats, Fenella introduced a slow movement which terminated the dance; then dropping a profound curtesy, she continued to stand motionless before the King, her arms folded on her bosom, her head stooped, and her eyes cast down after the manner of an oriental slave; while through the misty veil of her shadowy locks it might be observed that the color which exercise had called to her cheeks was dying fast away, and resigning them to their native dusky bue.

"'By my honor,' exclaimed the King, 'she is like a fairy who trips it in moonlight. There must be more of air and fire than of earth in her composition. It is well poor Nelly Gwyn saw her not, or she would have died of grief and envy. Come, gentlemen, which of you contrived this pretty piece of morning pastime?'

"The courtiers looked at each other, but none of them felt authorized to claim the merit of a service so agreeable."

We must make room for one more extract, the affecting death of Major Coleby in the presence of the king during his visit to the Tower.

"The Duke pointed at random to a cuirass which burns amongst others, but was rather remarkable from being better cleaned.

"'I should know that piece of iron,' said the warder bluntly, yet with some change in his voice; 'for I have known a man within side of it who would not have endured half the impertinence I have heard spoken to-day."

"The tone of the old man, as well as the words, attracted the attention of Charles and the Duke of Ormond, who were only two steps before the speaker, They both stopped, and turned round; the former saying at the same time,—'How now, sirrah!—what answers are these!—What man do you speak of?'

"'Of one who is none now,' said the warder, 'what-

"'The old man surely speaks of himself,' said the Duke of Ormond, closely examining the countenance of the warder, which he in vain endeavoured to turn away. 'I am sure, I remember these features—Are not you my old friend Major Coleby!'

"'I wish your Grace's memory had been less accurate,' said the old man, coloring deeply, and fixing his eyes on the ground.

"The King was greatly shocked.—'Good God!' he said, 'the gallant Major Coleby, who joined us with his four sons and a bundred and fifty men at Warrington!—And is this all we could do for an old Worcester friend?'

"The tears rushed thick into the old man's eyes as he said, in broken accents, 'Never mind me, sire; I am well enough here—a worn-out soldier rusting among old armour. Where one old cavalier is better, there are twenty worse.—I am sorry your Majesty should know any thing of it, since it grieves you.'

"With that kindness, which was a redeeming point of his character, Charles, while the old man was speaking, took the partizan from him with his own hand, and put it into that of Buckingham, saying, 'What Coleby's hand has borne can disgrace neither yours nor mine,—and you owe him this atonement. Time has been with him, that, for less provocation, he would have laid it about your ears.'

"The Duke bowed deeply, but coloured with resentment, and took an immediate opportunity to place the weapon carelessly against a pile of arms. The King did not observe a contemptuous motion, which perhaps would not have pleased him, being at that moment occupied with the veteran, whom he exhorted to lean upon him, as he conveyed him to a seat, permitting no other person to assist him. 'Rest there,' he said, 'my brave old friend; and Charles Stuart must be poor indeed if you wear that dress an hour longer.-You look very pale, my good Coleby, to have had so much colour a few minutes since. Be not vexed at what Buckingham says, no one minds his folly.-You look worse and worse. Come, come, you are too much hurried by this meeting. Sit still-do not rise-do not attempt to kneel. I command you to repose yourself till I have made the round of these apartments.'

"The old cavalier stooped his head in token of acquiescence in the command of his Sovereign, but he raised it not again. The tumultuous agitation of the moment had been too much for spirits which had been long in a state of depression, and health which was much decayed. the King and his attendants, after half an hour's absence, returned to the spot where they left the veteran, they found him dead and already cold, in the attitude of one who has fallen easily asleep. The King was dreadfully shocked; and it was with a low and faultering voice that he directed the body, in due time, to be honourably buried in the Chapel of the Tower. He was then silent, until he attained the steps in front of the arsenal, where the party in attendance upon his person began to assemble at his approach, along with some other persons of respectable appearance whom curiosity had attracted.

"'This is dreadful,' said the King. 'We must find some means of relieving the distresses, and rewarding the fidelity of our suffering followers, or posterity will cry fie upon our memory.'"

Conscious that any praise or censure of ours would weigh little with so great a favorite with the public as the author of Peveril, we shall not lengthen this article by any farther animadversions.

DECEMBER TALES. London. 1823. 12mo. pp. 231.

This little work presents one peculiarity—the preface is placed at the end of the volume. There are indeed about half a dozen lines with that title at the beginning, but what is usually deemed prefatory matter will be found at the conclusion, where it is designated by the old term, L'envoy. This contains the author's opinion of his own production; and we cannot do him more justice than to lay it before our readers.—

"Farewell then to these the (at least) harmless amusement of my solitary hours. That they may amuse his readers, is the highest ambition of the writer. Philosophical theories, or learned researches, he has not to offer. To wile away an idle hour in a not unpleasant, perhaps not unprofitable manner, is all he aspires to. If he succeeds in this, he will be satisfied. Too humble to attract the smile, he will also escape the lash, of criticism. How it is received, will matter little to him. In the words of a great moralist he can say, that he dismisses it with tranquillity, having 'little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.'"

The tales are eight in number; and among them "The Falls of Ohiopyle," and "The Test of Affection" are perhaps the best; but they may all afford at least innocent amusement for an idle hour.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MOTHERS on the Physical Education of Children. By a Grandmother. 1823. 12mo. pp. 374.

Few subjects can occur more important than that treated of in the work before us. The character and conduct of human beings throughout life depends much on the treatment they receive during the first period of existence. And that bodily health and strength are much influenced by skill and care, or imprudence and neglect, in nursing during infancy, is sufficiently obvious. A well executed treatise on the management of children must therefore be an acceptable present to all persons engaged in the important duty of rearing them, and especially to mothers. Works of this description have been previously written by medical men; who cannot, however, be competent to furnish all the details which the subject requires.

"This book," says the author, "is what it professes to be—the work of an old woman. In fact no other description of person would have been equal to the undertaking; which, humble as it is, required a peculiar combination of circumstances to insure any prospect of success; and as those old women who have leisure to write, have not always opportunities of obtaining the experience of a nurse, or the inclination to study the writings of medical men, the Author has thought it expedient to attempt a work of real utility, for which, perhaps, few others possess the necessary qualifications."

There is in this volume a great variety of information relative to the treatment of children, in sickness and in health; and the advice given seems, in general, very judicious. Those parts of the work which relate to the administration of medicine, and especially the appendix, might be improved by the revisal of a skilful physician. But with this deduction, we think the volume superior to any thing of the kind which has hitherto appeared on this interesting subject.

THE FAMILY OF M'ROY. By Mrs. Blackford, author of "Scottish Orphans." 3 vols. 8vo. Wetton. London.

THESE volumes will in no way detract from the reputation which Mrs. Blackford has gained by her former publications. If we were to say, that we think the Family of M'Roy, quite equal to the Scottish Orphans, we should not declare our real opinion—that was a tale of extreme merit. There are, however, parts of considerable excellence in the novel before us, particularly in the delineation of the characters of old Mr. and Mrs. Belmain. We recommend the work with pleasure to the perusal of our fair readers.

[In our last month's Review, in the article on the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," a paragraph was accidentally omitted. After line 18, page 96, read—

Few constitutions probably could, by any caution in the mode of administering it, be habituated to so powerful a dose of opium as is here stated to have been taken; for it is said to have amounted to 8,000 drops, or more than a pint of laudanum in a day.]

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, FOR FEBRUARY, 1823.

The indisposition which confined his Majesty at Brighton did not give way so speedily as was hoped and expected; so that he was under the necessity of relinquishing his intention of opening the Session of Parliament in person. The king's health, however, is since so far restored, that on the 20th he returned to town, and on the following day, a court was held at Carlton Palace, which was fully attended.

On Tuesday the 4th, the day appointed, the meeting of Parliament took place. In consequence of the royal absence, the Lord Chancellor, (as usual in such cases,) read the king's speech. It referred chiefly to the negociation with France, relative to the affairs of Spain; to measures for the protection of our commerce in the West Indies; to the state of our trade and manufactures, and the unfortunate circumstances of the agricultural branch of the community; and to the relief proposed to be extended to all classes, by a considerable remission of taxes. An address to the king, in answer to the speech, was moved in the House of Lords, by the Earl of Morley, and seconded by the Earl of Mayo. Earl Stanhope proposed an amendment; but the original address was carried by a majority of 59, against 3.

A similar address was moved in the House of Commons, by Mr. Childe. A very eloquent speech was made by Mr. Brougham, in which he deprecated the interference of France, and other continental powers, with the internal policy of Spain; and said, that he hoped ministers would not rush blindly into a war; and that they would look to free states as the best and most rational allies against all enemies; quarrelling with none, whatever might be their form of government; and endeavouring to preserve peace, though prepared for war. He was followed by Sir F. Burdett. Mr. Peel spoke in reply; and, after some remarks from Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Denman, the address was put and carried.

The situation of continental affairs is still very critical: and the latest intelligence from Paris, is rather of an hostile It is stated that an officer arrived at Bayonne, on the 14th inst. with information that Marshal Bessieres, after having defeated in three engagements, the constitutional army, sent from Madrid against him, had formed a junction with the troops of Ulman and the Curé Merino. His head quarters were at Aranjuez; and his force was said to amount to The French army is expected to enter Spain 15,000 men. by the 15th of March-30,000 men by way of Bayonne, 25,000 by Figueras, and two divisions of light troops will proceed towards Seo d'Urgel. The Duke d'Angouleme is about to set out to take command of the army; and Rear Admiral Hamelin has sailed from Brest. Yet notwithstanding the hostile preparations, and the march of troops from different parts of France, towards the Pyrenees, the general feeling of the people is decidedly against war. At Marseilles, an open insurrection is said to have broken out; and at Havre, a petition for peace has been prepared, and signed by a great number of the merchants of that place. Amidst these contradictory manifestations, hopes are indulged that hostilities may be prevented by the mediation of this country; and by a declaration from the King of Spain, procured by England, that he himself fully assents to the Spanish Constitution of 1812, and that he is free from all personal restraint. It is said, that the object of the mission of Lord F. Somerset to Madrid, was to obtain such a declaration; which would deprive the French Government of all pretext for interfering with the affairs of Spain.

At home, much interest has been excited by the intended removal of a considerable portion of the taxes. From the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Hon. F. Robinson) in the House of Commons, on the 21st. inst., it appears, that the revenue of the year 1822, exceeded the expenditure of Government, by nearly five millions; and that the estimated surplus of the present year, will be more considerable. In consequence of this advantageous state of our finances, it is proposed to remove entirely the taxes on male servants, occasionally employed in trade; on occasional gardeners; on the lower class of taxed carts; on ponies under thirteen-hands high; on horses belonging to small-farmers engaged

in trade; and that on shop-windows. The following taxes are to be reduced to one-half.—The duty on male-servants, clerks, &c.; on warehouses; on four-wheel and two-wheel carriages; on the higher class of taxed carts; on riding-horses and mules; and on windows in general. The whole of the assessed taxes of Ireland are to be remitted, and some other arrangements made for the relief of that distressed country.

A strong sensation was produced, among those who are interested in the state of the public funds, by the failure of Mr. Daniel Mocatta. Since the unfortunate affair of the late Mr. Goldsmid, it is said, no announcement of a defaulter produced such an effect at the Stock Exchange. This has been followed by another statement of the same kind, from the brokers of Mr. Solomon Cohen. The losses he had incurred from the failure of others, disabled him from making good the payments to which he was liable. This gentleman is brother-in-law to Baron Rothschild, the celebrated banker, and loan-contractor.

The public attention has been much occupied lately by the extraordinary case of the Earl of Portsmouth. A Commission has been procured, at the instance of Mr. N. Fellowes, to inquire into the state of his Lordship's mind. The Commissioners met on the 10th inst. at the Freemasons'tavern; and have since continued their proceedings. nobleman many years ago married the daughter of the late Lord Grantley; and after her death, he was, in 1814, united to a second wife, Miss Hanson, the daughter of a solicitor, in Bloomsbury-square. The circumstances of Lord Portsmouth's forcible separation from this lady, and the charge of ill treatment of her husband, by her friends and herself, were made public some time ago. Much evidence has been produced before the Commissioners now sitting, relative to the injuries and insults which this unfortunate nobleman has received from his lady and her family; and abundant testimony from medical men, servants, and others of the imbecility of intellect under which he labours. His Lordship has himself also been examined. But the Commission is not yet closed. It is said that the expences attending this inquiry amount to £400 per day; so that the affair will, however it may terminate, considerably reduce the Portsmouth estate.

The Committee for the new erection of London-bridge having offered premiums for the three best designs for that purpose, have awarded the first premium of £250 to Mr. Fowler: the second of £150 to Mr. Borer; and the third of £100 to Mr. Busby. A tender is said to have been made to build a bridge according to the design of Mr. Fowler for £360,000, which is very much under the estimate. Mr. Favell, at a Court of Common-council, held on the 10th inst. said, that the Committee had fifty plans laid before them.

A robbery has been committed with circumstances of extraordinary audacity at Hayes, in Kent, the seat of Mrs. Dehany, and formerly the residence of the celebrated Earl Mrs. Dehany was staying at her house in of Chatham, town, and her plate, jewels, &c. were deposited in a strong room built expressly for the purpose. The walls were 28 inches thick, with strong oaken planks on the inside, firmly riveted; and the door was of iron. In one place around the chimney of an adjoining room the brick-work was reduced to 18 inches. The robbers, who must have been acquainted with this circumstance, having got admission into this apartment by forcing the window-shutters, broke down the brick-work of the fire-place, so as to make an aperture large enough for a man to creep through. They carried off property to the value of more than £2000. No one was staying in the house but an old servant and his daughter, who had the care of the premises.

Lately, as a gentleman was going from Cobham, in a gig, passing through Lord Darnley's park, near the lodge, his horse took fright. In order to stop him the gentleman tried to turn his head towards the wall, which the horse leaped at and cleared, leaving, however, the gig hanging on the other side. A countryman near at hand cut the harness, and he fell into a pond below unhart. The gentleman coolly said "Thank God, it is no worse;" and calling to the horse, "Come, old fellow," the creature obeyed, and the tackle being mended, the driver and horse returned to Cobham in

The fire and the fire and

safety.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

The entertainments proper to this theatre, demand no particular notice. But in the course of this mouth the doors of the Opera-house have been opened for a masquerade, which was conducted in such a manner as to do no credit to those concerned in it. The imprudent distribution of free admission tickets led to the introduction of a great many improper characters; in consequence of which, it is said, that the noblemen and gentlemen who had interested themselves in the management of the Italian Opera, for the last two seasons, have withdrawn from the concern.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Kean has restored to the stage the tragedy of King Lear, as it was written by Shakespear. The catastrophe of this drama, as produced by the immortal bard, is of the melancholy kind. Lear and Cordelia, instead of being preserved from death and restored to power, (as in the altered piece usually performed,) expire, owing to the malice of their unpatural relatives. The audience have been so long accustomed to witness the happy conclusion of the drama, that the restoration of Shakespear's scenes was rather a harardous It seems, however, to have succeeded, as the experiment. tragedy is announced for repetition. Miss Stephens and Mr. Liston have transferred their services to this theatre. These unrivalled performers have appeared together in Guy The part of Dandie Dinmont was personated by a Mr. Sherwin, from the York Theatre. He was well received, and promises to supply, with some credit, the loss In Artaxerxes, and Love in a Village, musical amateurs have had opportunities of witnessing the performance of Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham. A Farce has been brought out at Drury-Lane, called 'Deaf as a Post.' If it

should succeed, it will be more through the talents displayed by the actors, (especially Liston,) than owing to any real merit which it possesses.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A PLAY has been acted here, entitled Nigel, or the Crown Jewels, founded on the fortunes of Nigel, by the Author of Waverley. The drama after its first performance was altered: but it seems to have been withdrawn from the stage.-Mr. Larkin, a singer, made his first appearance at Covent-garden. in the character of Young Meadows, in Love in a Village; and he has since personated Captain Macheath. He cannot be said to be a fit representative of the musical highwayman; his vocal talents, and his abilities as an actor, being but indifferent. The Comedy of Errors has been exhibited here: Mr. Blanchard taking the character of Dromio instead of Liston; and Miss Paton succeeding Miss Stephens in the part of Adrian. Both performers deserved much praise .-After this play a new farce was performed, called The Duel, or My Two Nephews. The peice contains the adventures of two brothers, one of whom, Lieutenant Buoyant, is in love with a young lady, the ward of his uncle, Sir Pryor Oldencourt. The baronet designs her for his other nephew, Augustus. The lieutenant having fought a duel with his captain, is obliged to abscond; and he betakes himself to an inn near his uncle's house. Augustus, in danger of being arrested for debt, flies to the same spot, and assumes his brother's uniform. The uncle having never before seen his nepbews, and hearing of the lieutenant's unfortunate rencontre, mistakes Augustus for him. Hence a number of odd accidents happen. At length the mistakes are cleared up, the wounded man recovers, the lieutenant gets his mistress, and the uncle pays the debts of Augustus. The Duel is a lively piece, and has been announced for repetition, with applause; so that it may possibly have a run.

Oratorios, which have commenced this month, have been performed alternately at each Theatre, Wednesdays and Fridays; but they do not seem particularly to suit the taste of the public, as the audiences have been hitherto rather thin.





Fashionable Ball & Dinner Drefses for March .
Invented by Mifs Kirpoint Edward Speed Portman Square:

For March 12823 by Dean & Menday Throadnesdie Street.

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MARCH, 1823.

DINNER DRESS.

This elegant dress is composed of violet-colored sarsenet; the corsage finished round the bust by a collar of net to fall down over the back and shoulders in a point, and two pointed epaulets on each shoulder, trimmed round with a deep fall of Urling's lace, surmounted by narrow satin rouleaux. The fancy sleeves are long, and trimmed at the top, and from the shoulders to the wrist with small rosette-work, united by lozenges or satin straps. The bottom of the skirt has a superb fan trimming, or rosettes of full embroidered muslin, with a broad satin tuck in the centre.

Head-dress.—The hair is arranged in a singular, but very beautiful and becoming manner; it is parted on the forehead with a small curl on each side, and finishes from the temples in the Sevigné style.

BALL-DRESS.

A ROUND dress of gossamer, worn over a white satin slip, and ornamented round the border by a trimming, which may be styled a net-work of puffs, composed of lace-net, or tulle, crossed with narrow satin rouleaux of amber-color, and divided by moss-rose-buds. The trimming consists of three rows of amber-colored satin. The corsage is composed of white satin and tulle, which is shaded round the bosom with a tucker of delicate blond. Short full sleeves decorated with blond, and rose-buds to correspond. The dress is finished round the waist by a sash of white satin riband, richly embroidered; the ear-rings and necklace are of amber.

The hair is arranged in the antique French style, and surmounted with a beautiful plume of white ostrich feathers. The shoes are of white satin.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

In addition to the preceding, we have been favored with the following from Mrs. Blundell, of Ludgate-street:

WALKING DRESS.

A MAZARINE velvet pelisse, lined with white, and fastened down the front with narrow straps at each end, ornamented with a handsome tassel; the trimming continues up the fronts to the shoulders.—A collar edged to correspond, and epaulets, composed of narrow straps, and cuffs to match. A mazarine velvet bonnet, of the round French shape, finished with a large plume of feathers of the same color.

MORNING DRESS,

COMPOSED of jaconet muslin, made high and fastened behind, with an insertion up the front and over the shoulders, ending in a point at the bottom of the back; it is finished at the edge with a broad scolloped trimming: two rows of the same scollop at the top of the sleeve, form a very pretty and simple epaulette.—The bottom of the sleeves to match. The skirt is ornamented with two rows of vandykes, trimmed round with scollop, and surmounted with a broad insertion.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of pale pink lisse gauze, worn over a white satin slip; the bottom of the dress composed of scollops of white satin, edged with pink and platted with a handsome pearl ornament at each point.—The body is low; the front formed of small points with a pearl ornament at each point; the back laced; a broad lisse gauze sash with pearl tassels at the ends.—Gloves and satin shoes of the same color. Pearl ornaments.

The favorite colors are cerulean blue, ruby, amber, and rose-color.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Pelisse dresses made of a light colored plain gros de Naples, are very fashionable for home costume; they are elegantly braided down each side: a pelerine of the same material as the pelisse falls carelessly over each shoulder, and has a very striking and pleasing effect.—Among the most elegant of the opera dresses, we have observed one of cerulean blue satin, enriched with a border of puffs, folded in bias, and

completed by a broad satin rouleau; the body is low, displaying the bust partially, and the shoulders are covered with a rich lace tucker of English manufacture; the sleeves are short, and trimmed at the elbow with the same material to answer the border of the dress.—A new mantle of royal purple velvet, lined with amber, is also much worn at the opera. It is lined with amber-colored satin; a flat rouleau of satin, in bias, finished with silk cordon, forms the trimming round the mantle, and is a shade or two lighter than the velvet.

Walking bonnets are composed of black beaver or velvet, lined with plush-silk, and are worn either with or without feathers. The plumage is generally long, and waves over the shoulders. There is but little variation in the carriage hats since last month; black velvet seems as prevalent for carriage, as for walking, bonnets.

The newest ball or evening full dresses are the following: First—A beautiful dress of green and silver lama on pink crape: a gossamer net-work of silver lama runs over the hem in a serpentine form, and above is a splendid border of silver lama, chenille, and colored crape; the colored crape represents the large pod of the garden poppy, which has a very beautiful effect in green. Second—A dress of white crape superbly ornamented with blue and silver: a rich trimming of silver lama, forming a kind of fringe in festoon, is next the hem, over which are blue china stars striped with silver.

The materials for turbans are of the most brilliant description. Some are of white gossamer gauze, with green and silver stripes; others of rainbow-striped gauze, frosted with gold; but the most superb material for the full dress turban, is the golden-sand gauze, which combines both brightness and richness, and makes up beautifully; however, much care is required in not rendering its appearance heavy.—Caps are greatly in favor; and one for receiving dinner parties at home, is formed of net and blond, and the caul is striped with narrow rouleaux of rose-colored satin; on the left side is a half wreath of full blown roses. The theatre cap has the same kind of caul, and is very richly ornamented with quilted blond and bouquets of full blown roses, and myrtle blossoms. Opera hats are of white satin turned up in front, and surmounted by a plume of white ostrich feathers.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Mantles have been very generally worn during the last month, as out-door envelopes. The greater part are of glazed black satin; some have hoods and linings of the same material, others have rose-colored or ponçeau hoods; the newest colors for mantles are hermit-brown, and blue satin with a flame-colored hood; but a black satin mantle with a hood lined with velvet is reckoned the most elegant.—Carmelite brown pelisses, with a rose-colored or blue hood, are likewise much in favor.

Hats are of a light color; blue and rose-colored bonnets are in general estimation; they are lined with a plush silk of two colors, the ground of a bright yellow, and the downy or shaggy part massaca-brown. The ornaments on these hats consist in one large rosette or several small ones, half satin, half plush silk, with the ends very long and broad.

The dresses in greatest request are black velvet, made very short, and flounced with black lace; one of these flounces is set on at the edge of the hem, and is of a peculiarly rich pattern; it is admirably displayed over a white satin dress worn under the velvet one, and made as much longer than the upper dress as the lace is broad.

At the theatres, and especially at concerts, caps are universally adopted. The most fashionable is called "The Clotilda cap;" it is almost a complete garland of moss-roses, white-thorn, small daisies, and clematis, under a trimming of blond; this full wreath lies between the blond and the hair, and terminates at the ears.

Dress hats are made of spotted velvet, and ornamented with three or five plumes, laid round the brim of the hat in rather a formal manner.

A dress-scarf occasionally thrown over an evening robe, is much in favor; it is of flame-colored barege silk, each end ornamented with three black stripes, and a black fringe.

The favorite colors are bright-yellow, violet, hortensia, and rose color.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.



EXTRACT

FROM "THE OUTLAW OF TAURUS," A POEM; BY I. DALE.
Author of "The Widow of Nain," &c.

Leo arose-his dark eye burned With fire that told of guilt forgiven, Of hopes restored-and peace with Heaven: Instant where Azor stood he turned-"Thou too hast heard, O youth belov'd! Heaven grant thou hast not heard unmov'd; But may thy yielding soul incline To make the faith of Christians thine! As on the battle plain serene, In meek unsullied loveliness The modest wild-flower blooms unseen, 'Midst guilt hast thou untainted been, And soft among the pitiless. O thou, who soothed my soul's despair, Shun not my holier hopes to share! O turn thee from the idol train. To Him no suppliant seeks in vain; That linked to thine my soul may be In time—and in eternity!" Young Azor spoke not-yet that word Passed not unheeded or unheard, Though lost awhile he seemed to be In deep abstracted reverie.— What tremors in his cheek are blushing! What fevered hues his pale brow flushing! Those varying dies, so softly fair, What deep emotion kindles there? He bends on earth his bright blue eye Beneath its fringy veil retiring; So shrinks young virgin modesty From the bold gaze of crowds admiring.

Yet, deeply struggling to control
The hidden tumult of his soul,
Once more he rais'd that humid eye,
And gazed on Leo tremblingly.—
Such fears let gentler woman claim,
But what hath man to do with shame?

The winged interchange of thought Is quickly kindled—quickly caught— Yea-swifter than the sun-beam breaking, It thrills the startled soul awaking. And bids another's breast be known. Or in one glance betrays its own. With instant impulse through his heart Young Leo felt its lightning dart-No fears control, no doubts recall, One glance had met, and answered all. The sight Hope never dared to deem Which vivid Fancy never drew Wilder than Love's young ardent dream, Is present to his raptur'd view; Unless the spirit's chain is riven, And earth has brightened into heaven. To Azor's soul-whate'er it be-Like feeling shot electric flame, Its aspect changed, its power the same; Not less of fire in him we see, But more, far more, of purity; As sun-beams in the lucid stream, Reflected, shed a lovelier gleam. Less fair the boy of god-like mien, Who spurned the smiles of beauty's queen-Less fair that bright youth, whom the sun Checked his red car to gaze upon. Yet still his dim eye drooped and fell, His bosom heaved with conscious swell-Such fears let gentler woman claim, But what hath man to do with shame?

Away! away! thou frail disguise,
Thou cans't not blind a lover's eyes:
Youth may the virgin's vest assume,
And emulate the virgin's bloom;
With eye as bright, and smile 28 warm,
And equal symmetry of form—

But one soft spell remaineth—one
Which woman claims, and claims alone—
It is the breathing burning dye
Of love controlled by modesty.
That conscious crimson blush revealed
The truth so long—so well concealed;
And Leo in that moment knew
His own lov'd maid, whom Fancy drew
The idol of his raptured dream,
When young Hope shed her fairest gleam;
To whom his first fond vows were given
Dearer than Fame, than all but Heaven.

ADDRESS OF A SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

SAVAGE and wild, a lawless wind Raves through the echoing vault of heav'n; While rifled by its fury blind, The trees in branchy heaps are driven!

Cold, dismal, dark; below, above, The shades of fear all things o'ercast; I know thee safe, and yet, dear love, I start and shake at every blast!

So lately on the soundless sea, Has thou from storm and death escap'd, From all, which one who loves like me, In fancy saw, in terror shap'd.

So lately have I shrank and wept, And felt my life's-blood freeze within, As o'er the world fierce tempests swept, And bade destruction's work begin.

That hour, the fitful gust which shakes
These leafless trees and moss-grown walls,
A strange tumultuous dread awakes,
A fear, which reason's self appals.

But thou art safe! the stormy hour, A gracious God has smoothed to thee! So, while I bless that awful power, Still let me pray for those at sea!

A WISH.

SONNET.

(Translated from Cowper's Latin Poem " Votum.")

O YE sweet dews of morn, and healthful gales,
Ye groves, and flowerets gay by fertile streams,
Ye grassy hills, and grateful shade of vales,
If Fate thy pure delights had granted me,
Afar from dread of change, from art and pride,
In a paternal seat,—my fervent wish would be,
(As oft my heart hath longed in Fancy's dreams;
And inexperienced thought that good it seems)
Youth's season flown,—before my own fire-side,
A calm old age to spend; and when at last,
I in the sleep of death should gently glide,
In that dear spot those happy years were past,
Entombed beneath the flower-enamelled sod,
Or silent stone, to wait my coming God!

G. H.

IMPROMPTU.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING EXPRESSION TO DAVID'S BEAUTIFUL LAMENT FOR JONATHAN.

"Thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

On, holy mourner! say not so, Like woman none can love below; To love or friendship man is true, But woman's love is friendship too.

JEANIE.

O JEANIE, O Jeanie, thy cottage is drearie, The sang an' the laugh, they are a' gane awa; There's naebody now to say daughtie an dearie, Or tirl at the door whan the gloamin clouds fa'

O Jeanie, O Jeanie, thy bonnie cheeks lassie,
Nae mair like the rose o' the brier-bush bloom;
There's o'er mony tears come my dearie to fash ye,
There's o'er mony sighs 'mong the lang yellow broom.

O Jeanie, O Jeanie, I mind thee sae cheerie, The sweetest, the gayest, the bonniest o' a'; But Jeanie has tint on her bridal her dearie, And Jeanie is fading an' withering awa.

C. B. M.

SONNET.

MOTHER! I weep not now that thou art laid
In the lone grave, where neither tempests rage,
Nor hurricanes descend, nor troubles vex;
When first by death a mourner I was made,
Nor tear, nor sigh, relieved my bursting heart,
And sorrow seem'd too great for mortal breast.—
But calmer hours came on, and tears would flow
Spontaneous at the mention of thy name,
And mem'ry supply'd fresh food for woe.
Now years have fled and doubts no more perplex,
But drinking hope 'from truth's illumin'd page,'
The promise of the Just I humbly claim,
And, smiling, bless the Power that bade thee rest,
And only ask to join thee where thou art.

A.

STANZAS.

I Ask not for thy earthly love,
Thy gentle looks, or tender care;
I only ask, in Heav'n above,
With thee, eternal joys to share.

What though all other forms but thine,
With like indifference I see,
I would not that a thought of mine,
Should wake one transient throb in thee.

What though with beating heart I hear,
Thy well-known step or cheerful voice,
I would not that when I appear,
That thou one moment should rejoice.

What though no period steals away,
Unmark'd by tender thought of thee,
I would not that thy mind should stray
For one short instant upon me.

To gaze, to hear, to pray unseen, In secret truth my heart to plight, Is all the bliss that mine hath been, And all that here can give delight.

SONNET

ON A LADY WEEPING AT THE THEATRE DURING THE PER-FORMANCE OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

On! weep, sweet girl, for it becomes thee well! Those sparkling drops by sympathy distill'd, That even now thy glist'ning eyes have fill'd, Have joy'd me inly, more than I may tell. And though so sweet a tale fictitious be, The petted nursling of the poet's brain, His weary labors were not all in vain, If tears he could insure from such as thee; For they bespeak a spirit unconfin'd, Not wholly wrapt in one dull selfish cloud, But giving emblems of a beauteous mind, In mildest feelings, bursting thus their shroud. Deem not it mars thy beauty—for the rose, Begemm'd with dew, far lovelier, purer glows.

AZIN.

THE MODERN NARCISSUS.

Love's spark, which he never could feel, Hal excites, and the reason I'll hint— Art gave him a boddice of steel, And nature a bosom of flint.

I am wrong; he can love, though, alas! He laughs at a tender correction. He thinks not; but give him a glass, And dearly he loves a reflection.

'Tis long since since this image began His bosom so bodied to move; What has a vain shadow of man, Except a vain shadow to love?

CHARADE.

When winter stern his icy sceptre wields, Shook from his hoary locks, my first descends, And by his freezing blast, athwart the fields Dispers'd, all hues in dreary sameness blends.

My last night's offspring, at the saffron dawn, Hangs like a gem upon the dewy rose, And 'tis a globule bright, of Pity born, That's shed in tribute to another's woes.

My whole, meek harbinger of spring, appears Glinting amid my first, with pendant head, And with my last besprent, as if in tears It mourned the vigor of its gelid bed.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

A Ling is a fish;—on a heath too Ling grows—
Then O is a short interjection;
And Lingo is language, though queer, I suppose;—
Now grant simple Bet your protection.

BETTY BLACKBERRY.

Marriages.

At Woolwich, I. F. Breton, Esq. to Elizabeth Frances, only daughter of Col. Griffiths, of the Royal Artillery.

At Batavia, D. A. Fraser, Esq. of the Firm of M'Quoid, Davidson, and Co. to Miss Anna Peake, daughter to R. Peake, Esq.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, the Rev. H. A. Beckwith, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Pownall, Hatton-garden.

At Wanstead, W. Watson, Esq. of Girdler's-hall, to Harriett Matilda, youngest daughter of the late G. Detman, Esq. of Blake-hall.

P. Archdeacon, Esq. of Thayer-street, Manchester. to Sarah, third daughter of J. Cuddon, Esq. of Layham, Suffolk.

Thomas White, Esq. to Miss Evans, at Worstershire.

At Calcutta, Edward Yellowly, Esq. to Miss Anne Brown, only daughter of W. Brown, Esq. late of Dublin.

Deaths.

Died at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, after a short illness, Dr. Edward Jenner, the celebrated introducer of the practice of Vaccine Inoculation.

On the 7th inst. at Pimlico, Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, author of the "Romance of the Forest,"—" The Mysteries of Udulpho," and other velebrated works of fiction.

Suddenly, in a Hackney-coach, as he was going to the Opera, Mr. Peter Bailey, Editor of the Literary Weekly Journal intitled "The London Museum.

At Maidstone, Frances, the wife of R. Hodges, esq. of the Customs, London.

At Wellesdon house, Middlesex, aged 74, Sir Rupert George, bart.

At Richmond, aged 70, the hon. and Rev. Harbottle Bucknell.

At Woodlands, Kent, John Julius Angerstein, esq. of Pall Mall, aged 90.

Aged 92, the Venerable James Jones, D, D. Archdeacon of Hereford.

At Margate, Mrs. Frances Boyd, one of the best satirists of modern times.

At his house in Bedford-Row, Charles Hutton, LL.D. F.R.S. in the 80th year of his age.

In Piccadilly, Magdalene, Countess-dowager of Dysart.

At Penzance, aged 20, Mr. Edmund Clint.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—Essays by Osmond—an old Subscriber—a Friend to the Sex—W. D. S.—Anna—An old Woman—Elizabeth—Humanitas—G. G.—Amanda—Mrs. L.—**—Salop—A.—Benevolus—R·W.—\(\triangle \to \theta \)—*, Paternoster-row—C. B. M.—Hannah.

The communications of A. R.-J. M. Lacey-R. B-p-Miss Turner-Mrs.T.t-D. D.-Miss E. G.-The Remembrancer-Gleaner-A Friend-Lines by Vincent-The Garland-To Spring-A Vision.

The Tradition, &c. will appear as soon as possible.

We have complied with W. B's. requst.

The work which Richard mentions was published in 1808. by Longman.

We thank an old correspondent, and shall be happy to hear from him again.





I Lawrence A.A. Krx t

I Wootnork Soult

Fir Joseph Banks. G. C. B.

Reb April 1. 1803 by Dean & Munday Threasneedle Screet.